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Stains



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Chapter 1 by 미풍

I ran and I knew that these stains were forever imprinted on me.

We know more than you'd think. Even what happens next.

Chapter 2 by Vanilla



Those stains are a part of who we are. No one is perfect; and these stains prove that. We are the rescuers, the helpers, the supporters, when your kind is lonely. But good things are not free. The stains in subject are not mental, but physical. Yes, we are ugly. Our faces are scarred, our skin colors are different. But not our minds. They are the ones that work their way through any problem. Always optimistic, always knowing the solution. All that's needed.

Your kinds, the mundanes, the mortals, have always been shallow. Looks, wealth, intelligence, status, skill, was a measurement of the human within, But none know that we are the ones that define humanity.

For your humans to take our help, they must reject our physicality. They must accept the beautiful person deep within. And if they do judge us without knowing... they will suffocate in their own mess.

And then there was this girl, Roni, who was only of sixty. So learned, I wondered who taught her life. We only approach people in times of distress but as soon as I met her, I knew that she wouldn't need us.

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Chapter 3 by Swetha



I first met her in art class 2 weeks ago. Mrs. Emma assigned us on a project to be submitted in the next week.

"Now, there's a reason why I chose a partner for you. This will help to break the ice in here, so if anyone comes to me requesting for a change in partner, you AND your partner get an F. Understood?"

I heard a lot of sighs and nervous laughs in the classroom.

I didn't know how I felt about my partner back then. I only felt the warmth from the sun hitting my face and the sweet vanilla scent as she adjusted her seat next to me.

"Hi! The name's Ronny." I felt a mild rush of air in the space between us.

"I-I-I can't see."

She immediately retracted her hand.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know. I thought we could, you know, get to know each other first before we start on the project. We could play to our strengths and make the most wonderful masterpiece."
"

I couldn't help but smile at her. I loved the joy and happiness she emanated from her soothing voice.

"O-Okay."

"Does tomorrow evening sound good?"

"But w-w-where?"

"Oh. I forgot about that."

"T-T-The cafe, I guess?"

"That's a great place! Well, I've got to go. I think I'm late for Biology. See you tomorrow!"

Gosh I loved her so much. I always wondered how pretty she'd look to match her lovely voice. And then I heard the noise of her clutches bumping everywhere as she left the classroom.

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